

Volume XIII.
Number 1.

JULY, 1904.

\$1.00 a Year
10c. a Copy

THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE

The Only Magazine
ISSUED SOLELY
IN
THE INTERESTS
OF
THE SMOKER
And Tobacconist.



PUBLISHED BY
THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE CO.
— NEW YORK. —

ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Drop Shipments—Changes.

N.T.S. Nov. 20-08

With a Year's Subscription to the Magazine, \$1.25, Prepaid.



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to merchants in all lines of business and can be used in hundreds of ways in making Signs, Show Cards, Price Tickets, Bulletins, Marking Boxes, Printing on any flat surface, etc., saving time and money, and paying for itself almost every time it is used. Sets selling at \$1.00 and upwards will do no better work, while this set costs practically nothing, being sent prepaid with a year's subscription to **THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE** at \$1.25. This unheard of offer is made simply to increase the circulation of the magazine, which will be found interesting and of great value to every man who makes, handles or smokes cigars. **THE SIGN MARKER** is not sold nor sent C.O.D.—it is **FREE**, and there is but one way to get it, and that is to subscribe to **THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE** for one year at \$1.25, and one will be sent prepaid upon receipt of subscription. Guaranteed exactly as represented in every particular or money refunded without question. **You run**

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Please

send us Postal or Express Order, New York Draft or a.c. stamps in registered letter for \$1.25 and your subscription for one year will be entered and a sign marker sent you promptly. Make local checks for \$1.25—they cost us 10c. for collection. Stamps or money in unregistered letters at sender's risk. This offer is open to old subscribers as well as new—send in your order and have your subscription extended one year.

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ALDRICH BUILDING, 149 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK.

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Nov. 20-08

Ms. J. 20. 20-8

WARNING NOTICE

TO ALL

Box Makers,
Label Makers,
Cigar Dealers and
Cigar Manufacturers.



This is Ours 

WARNING NOTICE.

WE hereby give notice to all manufacturers and dealers in cigars, label-makers and box-makers, and others interested, that we are the sole and exclusive owners of the "BULL DOG" title and symbol of a "BULL DOG" as a trademark or distinguishing mark for cigars.

Several infringements upon our property rights in this respect have lately arisen, and we have been compelled to take legal proceedings against infringers to compel a discontinuance of such illicit traffic. In justice to our trade and to ourselves, we will be compelled to and shall vigorously prosecute to the fullest extent of the law, all infringements or imitations of our well-known trademark, consisting of the representation of a "BULL DOG" and the title "BULL DOG," or any infringement thereon in any form or combination when used in connection with cigars.

We take this means of giving such notice, and give warning that any violation of our stated rights in the premises will be most vigorously prosecuted, without further notice.

July 27, 1904.

WISE & LICHTENSTEIN, Counsel,
Lord's Court Building,
40 Exchange Place, New York.

JOHN W. MERRIAM & CO.
"At the Sign of the Bull Dog,"
135-139 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

VOL. XIII.

NEW YORK, JULY 1904

No. 1.

THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE

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AS GOOD AS THE BEST
OUR ALL HAVANA LEADER



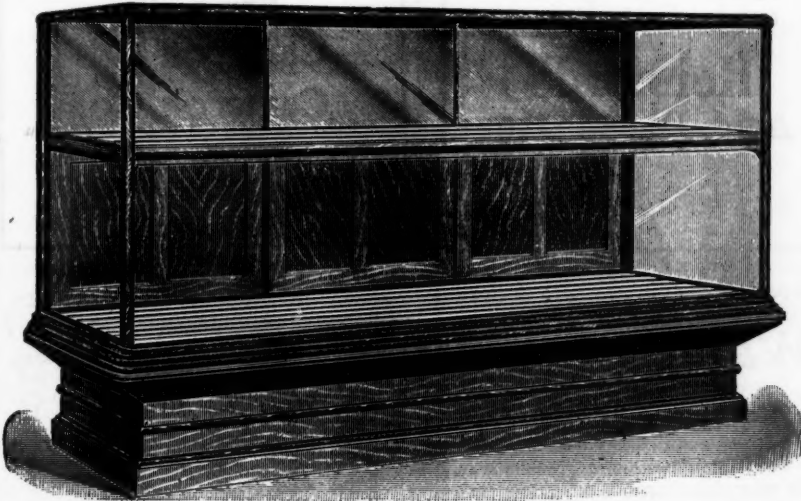
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MANUFACTURERS, Nos. 320-322 East 63d Street, New York.

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JOHN HOFMAN CO.,

MANUFACTURERS HIGH GRADE
OF

SHOW CASES,



No. 62.—COMBINATION CIGAR AND MOISTENING CASE.

Store Fixtures and Interior Woodwork
FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

**We want you to send for Illustrated Catalogue and
mention The Smoker's Magazine.**

Office and Factory:
30 & 32 SOUTH WATER ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

Please mention THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE to advertisers.

Will make you STRONG

As a strengthening tonic in declining health, or during recovery after exhausting illness, the effect of Horsford's Acid Phosphate is wonderful. It nourishes and strengthens the nerves, improves the appetite and digestion, and gives restful sleep.

It restores to the body nature's strengthening phosphates, a deficiency of which means general physical weakness, dyspepsia, headache and nervousness.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

If your druggist can't supply you, send 5c to RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I., for sample bottle, postage paid.

Smoke The Finest Quality

Tobacco and Cigarettes

Manufactured by

**Cameron &
Cameron Co.**

INDEPENDENT FACTORY

Richmond, Va.

Wanted... A Hustler

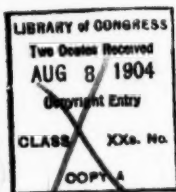
We want a hustling representative for **THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE** in your city, and have a magnificent proposition for you that will increase your regular income largely.

It is easy work and profitable employment, and will take but little of your spare time. If you are in the trade it will prove an especially attractive side line for you; while if you cannot take it up, please show this to some bright young man and have him write us at once for particulars and liberal terms.

**The Smoker's Magazine,
149 Church St., New York.**



Please mention **THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE** to advertisers.



THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE



**A Magazine of Business,
Recreation and Smoke**



Volume XIII.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1904.

Number 1.

The Advertising of Smokes.

Now is the season when dealers and consumers both find reason to rise up and call Parmenter, the wax-lined cigar pocket man, blessed. These tubes or pockets, made by the Racine Paper Goods Co., save more than their weight in gold to the trade and public in summer time alone.

The weather for several weeks past has been of a decidedly trying description—of the kind that forces the collar on the man to wilt, and that on the schooner to overflow all metes and margins. But that is no reason why windows and show-cases should be neglected. Indeed, it calls for extra vigilance, as he who will not respond will learn, to his infinite loss, in very short order.

Shades should be regulated and cases watched unremittingly and perishable stock exposed as little as

possible. Cigars and plug tobacco will, if given the slightest chance, enlarge their close-fitting wrappers into the "Mother Hubbard" type, and once they succeed in so doing they might just as well be permitted to go en deshabille, for any value in them, ever afterwards.

Dirt never looks so repulsive as in the warm, stewy weather, recently prevailing, when the thermometer fitfully alternates on tip-toe, as it were, between the uppermost 80's and the lower 90's of the thermometer, and the air has only to be touched to feel the humidity.

Now, above all other periods, cleanliness must be the rule, else when more agreeable weather is vouchsafed, the impression of slovenliness will have turned, permanently, into other channels enough customers, of nice perceptions, to swell the loss by damaged stock to

still greater figures. And a merchant does not need much experience to understand that loss of custom is the worst loss that can be sustained. All other losses can be surmounted; but desertion by customers, never.

According to current report there are druggists yet left who conduct their cigar business merely as an advertising annex. This is not as it should be, when it is considered that none raise a louder howl than the knights of the pestle and pill when incursions are made into their own domain by the department store indulging in a slashing foray on patent medicine prices. Of course, it is an old impression that none squirm worse than doctors when gulping down their own medicine.

Present dullness in Havana cigar factories is tempered by sanguine expectations of a revival of business, shortly, in consequence of the superior character of the new crop of leaf. The situation strikingly recalls the title of one of Charles Dickens novels, "Great Expectations." Let us hope there will be no aftermath of disappointment; though anticipations of omelettes from unhatched chickens were never more disappointing than the outcome of many a fine crop of leaf that promised great things in the earlier stages of curing.

G. W. Faber, the well known cigar importer and handler of clear Havana cigars, 36 Beaver street, this city, will, under the new distributing arrangement of the Havana Tobacco Co., control the sale of the imported cigar "La Commercial."

The special allowance made on "Sweet Caporal" cigarettes, to dealers in the Metropolitan district, since February 1, 1904, when purchased in connection with brands of cigarettes made by the same manufacturers, was withdrawn at the close of business, July 5. Orders mailed or given direct to salesmen on the date of discontinuance and accepted by the distributors were billed under the conditions of the February offer.

The John Hoffman Co., 30-32 South Water St., Rochester, N. Y., is a strictly up-to-date house in the showcase and store-fixtures line.

The strike in the Tampa factory of M. Stachelberg & Co. was of short duration. The agitator Fales scored a signal failure. Business was not seriously interrupted and orders for La Fama Universal are being filled with regularity.

The new offices of Trujillo & Co., 86 Beaver Street, located in the modern building erected on the site of the former offices of the old firm of D. L. Trujillo & Sons, are handsomely fitted up, and the idea of convenience, comfort and prosperity which is impressed upon visitors cannot fail to be effective in widening and strengthening the firm's trade connections.

The "Robert Burns" cigar, of the Straiton & Storm Co., is receiving special attention just now in the way of exploitation by the makers, and dealers feel the effect in an increased demand for this oldest of old time popular smokes. Geo. L. Storm & Co.'s shipping department sends out but few orders that do not contain a share of the "Robert Burns."

The cigar department of Park & Tilford is experiencing its usual summer run of select trade. Consumers of the leaders of this old time distributing emporium seldom change their favorites and whether they are in or out the city their trade is assured. "Mi Favorita" clear Havana Key West cigar, made by the Ferdinand Hirsch Co. and distributed for so many years by Park & Tilford, not only retains its early popularity, but is constantly making new conquests.

At the last annual meeting of the stockholders of the P. Lorillard Co., Jersey City, N. J., the old board of directors was re-elected without opposition. The board consists of Charles E. Halliwell, Thomas J. Maloney, C. C. Dula, P. Lorillard, W. H. McAlister, William B. Rhett and H. D. Kingsbury.

The Lorillard business was established before the American Revolution, and lineal descendants of the founder have been connected with it ever since. In 1898, control of the stock of the present corporation was secured by the Continental Tobacco Co.; but the Lorillard name and identity being too good an asset to suppress, the organization has been preserved intact, though the business is operated as a branch of the proprietary company. The financial statement was not published.

Adolph Frankau & Co. (Limited), London, England, manufacturers of the well known three B's in a diamond brand of wood pipes, give notice that various infringers of their patents, registered in the United States Patent Office, Certifi-

cate No. 34,142, have been sued in the United States Circuit Court and perpetually enjoined. Further notice is given that all future infringers will be rigorously dealt with. C. A. Clark, United States and Canadian representative of this London house, needs no introduction to the best trade of this country.

A new scheme to obtain a rebate of 5 cents per pound on purchases of "Sensation," "Just Suits," "Mayo's," "Myrtle Navy," "Fashion" and "Winner" plug cut; "Our Flag" sliced plug; and "Old English Curve Cut," when purchased in connection with "Union Leader" plug cut or "Driver" sliced plug, in the Metropolitan districts, was promulgated on July 25th; and at the same time Circular No. A. T. 336, under date of May 28th, 1904, was withdrawn.

The dissolution of the New York clear Havana cigar manufacturing firm of Perez, Rodriguez & Co., 204 Pearl St., was one of the live items of July. Since the withdrawal of D. T. Whitbeck, a year or two ago, the partners have been Marcelino Perez and Manuel Rodriguez, the latter of whom has retired. Marcelino Perez, who has been in New York for almost twenty years, was previously in business for a short time in Havana and has an extensive acquaintance in the clear Havana cigar business. The entire property of the old firm, including brands, stock of leaf, factory equipment, book accounts and good will has passed into possession of Mr. Perez, who will operate under the firm name of Marcelino Perez & Co.

Hints for Store Window Cards.

Beside the sign below, the dealer should place a roll of green tinted paper, of goodly dimensions, with a bill of the higher denominations wrapped about it, the value of the bill exposed; or a well filled wallet may be substituted:

A LARGE WAD SAVED

Every year by burn-
ing your money
here

IN OUR CIGARS

The accompanying sign may be used with good effect in connection with a full hand from a pack of cards placed immediately in front of it, using, of course, the highest full hand in the pack:

A FULL HAND

Of Smokes

FOR 50 CENTS

Try Our
Straight 10c.

CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR

MONEY FOUND

or just as good
for \$

IT IS YOURS.

On a box of cigars the above legend will prove effective in arresting attention.

TOOT YOUR HORN

If you don't
sell a clam.

YOU'LL TOOT OURS

Once you begin
to smoke our

CIGAR.

A horn or bugle, well polished, of any material used in such an instrument, should be used to get the best value from the sign shown above and if in a country town where special days are more than ordinarily busy, or during evenings, when there is a crowd assembled in front of a well lighted window, the effect can be heightened by a few notes sounded on a horn:

The cut below recommends itself for a position where economy of space must be considered, in that it can be used to good effect without extraneous accompaniment to set off:

TASTES FITTED
IN CIGARS
OUR TOWNBEATER
CLEAR HAVANAS—
10 cents and up,
And Our
CHAMPION
Nickel Cigars will
Secure Your Friendship.

The card below may be enlarged to almost any size and used to good effect without other aid.

AT HOME

If you
SMOKE OUR CIGARS

There's a Welcome
for You.

**COME IN
AND**

TRY A GOOD CIGAR
FOR 5 CTS. BETTER
ONES FOR 10 CENTS
AND ABOVE.

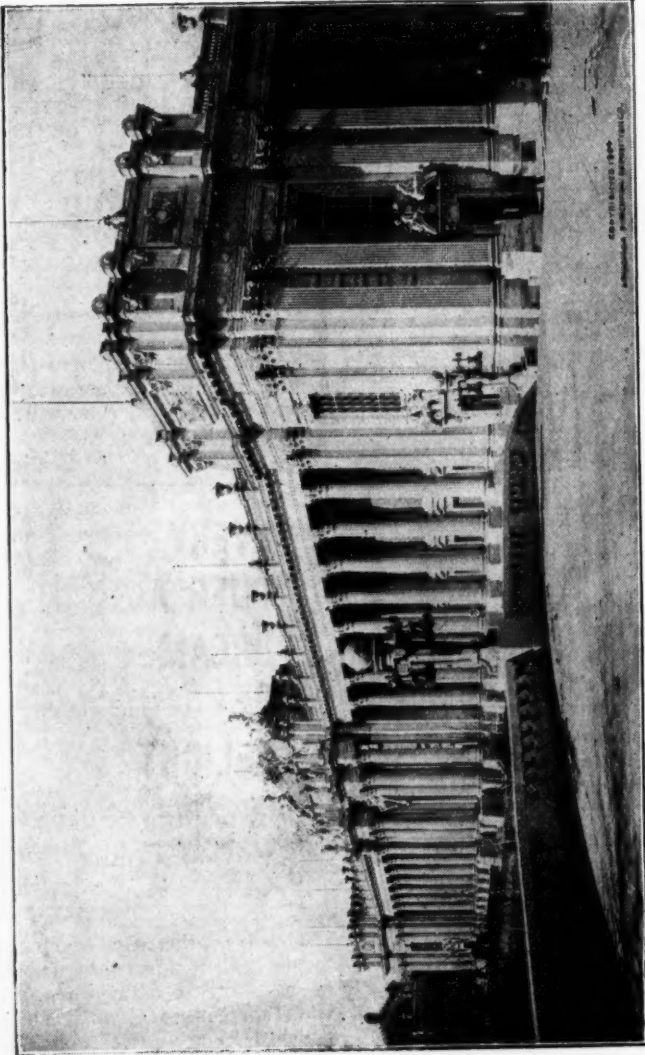
**WE'LL HAND
YOU ONE**

A pair of boxing gloves placed, one at either side, or the card itself placed on top of a pair, will be a good set-off.

**EVERY
PUFF A
DREAM
OF
DELIGHT**

CUT OFF THE END AND
TAKE A LIGHT

This is another sign which commends itself to advertisers who find it necessary to economize space. But if there is space available a well polished cigar cutter and a few matches can be used and will no doubt heighten the effect.



EDUCATION AND SOCIAL ECONOMY BUILDING.—WORLD'S FAIR.

AT THE WORLDS' FAIR.

The Education and Social Economy Building is of the Corinthian order of architecture. It is situated to the left of the main lagoon, and, except the Electricity Building, is the only building facing the Grand Basin with the cascades and approaches to the terrace crowning the hill on which the Art Building stands.

Its position makes it one of the most conspicuous buildings in what has been called the main picture of the Exposition. Its frontage on the main thoroughfare of the Exposition is 525 feet. The principal entrance somewhat resembles the form of the triumphal arch.

At each angle of the building is a pavilion, forming a supplementary entrance, and these are connected by a colonnade of monumental proportions. The four elevations are similar in character, varying only as required to accommodate the design to the irregular shape of the ground plan.

A liberal use of architectural sculpture lends a festal character to the otherwise somewhat severely classical exterior. The screen wall back of the colonnade gives opportunity for a liberal display of color as a background for the classic outlines of the Corinthian columns, affording liberal scope for the mural decorator.

The interior court follows the general outline of the building in form and style, and is laid out in the form of a plaisance or garden of a formal type. It is also suggested that this building, the roof

of which is practically on a level with the terrace of the Art Building, could be successfully utilized as a promenade, with a roof garden and restaurant attachment.

Colonel Moses C. Wetmore, of St. Louis, once famous as a "Star" plug drummer boy, and afterwards president of two plug tobacco companies; the guide, philosopher and friend of Hon. William Jennings Bryan; a doughty antagonist of "the octopus;" and only possessor of a bath tub and a piano in the entire county where his Ozark mountain game preserve is located, was elected a presidential elector-at-large, from Missouri, by the State Democratic Convention which recently met in Jefferson City. The Associated Press despatch either erroneously or influenced by a spirit of *lese majeste* announced the name as "Col. M. C. W. Elmore."

That was a neat left-hander recently given to one of its advertisers by a weekly contemporary in noticing its patrons' appeal to smokers to try a certain brand of cigars. The appeal ran: "If you've had trouble getting a good cigar, try one of our ——— and your troubles will be over." Our contemporary ambiguously, perhaps facetiously, says: "Undoubtedly a dose of strychnine would have the same effect." This may be fun for the scribe, but he should read the fable of the Boy who stoned the Frogs. 'Twas fun for the boy, but death for the frogs.

Henry Bendheim of the Metropolitan Tobacco Co., will put in his vacation in Europe.

THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE

Published by

THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE CO.

149 CHURCH STREET

NEW YORK.

Telephone, 4265 Cortlandt.

Issued every month. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price, \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. Subscriptions may begin at any time.

Remittances should be made by N. Y. Draft, Express Order or P. O. Money Order, payable to THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE CO. Cash or stamps should be sent by Registered Letter. We cannot be responsible for loss if sent any other way.

When change of address is desired, both the old and new address must be given.

Subscriptions remain in force and the magazine is continued to responsible subscribers until we are notified by letter to discontinue the subscription, when payment of all arrears must be made.

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

Entered as second-class matter February 1, 1904, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. XIII. JULY, 1904. No. I.

The cigarmakers' strike at Chicago has provoked the Manufacturers' Association of that city to ask the Superior Court for an injunction restraining unions Nos. 14, 15, 217 and 227 from picketing their factories; interfering with, intimidating, communicating with or in any way molesting non-union employees.

CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP.

Since the June number of the "SMOKER'S MAGAZINE" was issued, arrangements have been under way, and are at last consummated, whereby control of the publication will pass into new hands. Mr. Herbert S. Hall, the founder, has contracted to sell his interest to a new organization, with requisite

capital, and well trained officers in this particular field of trade journalism. The staff of the new company which is to assume control have a wide acquaintance with the field, and a thorough knowledge of its requirements, which presages both a continuance and an enlargement of the paper's sphere of usefulness.

The "SMOKER'S MAGAZINE" in the almost six years of its career has amply demonstrated its usefulness. In that time it has thoroughly established itself in trade favor and popularity; and now has more readers, who recognize its effectiveness as a trade promoter and improver, than any of its contemporaries. Under the new management no backward step will be taken. All the good features distinguishing the publication in the past will be maintained, and such improvements as the spirit of intelligent progress shall suggest as beneficial and feasible will be introduced.

For a long time past, Mr. Hall had felt that monthly publication was not often enough to give or secure the best results in a trade journal; but pressure on his time, from other business, kept increasing to an extent, that, at last, it became impossible to give even the oversight necessary to a monthly issue. Not wishing to retain a minority interest, and the coming management not being willing to purchase less than full control, an agreement for the founder's entire interest has been reached.

Weekly publication will take place at an early day in an enlarged, but convenient, form and a change of name, in all probability,

will be adopted. But all who are subscribers when the change occurs, will receive the new weekly publication, without extra charge, during the full period covered by their subscription to the SMOKER'S MAGAZINE. The old management believes that the best interests of the paper and its patrons will be advanced by the change; and the new management will steadfastly aim to merit, continued favor and support.

In the future issues of THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE all extraneous reading matter will be discarded, and when publication in larger form takes place this policy will be applied to both advertising and reading matter. While a trade paper may legitimately advertise or notice matter outside its own particular field, yet nothing incongruous with the trade it represents should be admitted; and this is the policy that will be pursued by the new owners.

Infringers of the "Bull Dog" brand and trade-mark for cigars, owned and copyrighted by John W. Merriam & Co., will do well to discontinue all acts of piracy. The "Bull Dog's" fighting blood is up and trespassers are warned to steer clear of the kennel.

The B. Wasserman Co.'s plum, in the Havana Tobacco Co.'s rearranged plan of distribution, is the "La Espanola" imported cigar, which they will dispense to the trade in New York, New England, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and District of Columbia.

Edward McArdle, head of the cigar department of Acker, Merrall & Condit Co., is a veteran of fifteen years service.

Manuel Rodriguez, recently retired from the firm of Perez, Rodriguez & Co., has not yet announced his plans for the future.

Henry Straus, Cincinnati, will be responsible for the pushing to the front, in his house's territory, of the "La Antiguedad" imported cigar.

John Dee, long connected with Yocum Bros., Reading, Pa., but more recently with the Theobald & Oppenheimer Co., Tampa and Philadelphia, is taking in Europe.

Otto Schrader, an old time dealer and popular German citizen of Chicago, succeeds Emil Griefen, another popular Chicago German, as a member of the Executive Committee of the Cigar Dealers' Association of America.

John Wardlow, president of the Ruy Lopez Co., Key West, put in a ten days' sojourn at the New York office, 141 Maiden Lane, early in the month, discussing tactics and the plan of campaign with his associates, John W. Merriam and Jas. M. Batterton.

J. Fred Wilcox, the well known wholesale purveyor of Carl Upmann's cigars, in Chicago territory, and resident partner of the firm of Upmann & Wilcox, of the Windy City, is on a fishing tour in Colorado. Myriads of the Colorado finny tribe received with dismay the news of his coming, it is said, and sent him in advance an ichthyan message, that he need bring neither tackle nor bait, but just provide ice and a box, and they'd come ashore and get in.

DEATH OF THOMAS A. DEAN.

The death of Thomas A. Dean, towards the close of June, removed a unique and commanding personality long and favorably known in the clear Havana cigar industry of the United States.

Wherever "Tom" Dean was known—and that was everywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf and Rio Grande to the Canadian frontier—genuine and heartfelt regret will be felt at the loss of one of whom it can be truthfully said, that he was all man, through and through, from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head.

Sagacious, industrious, just and truthful, in his business dealings he commanded confidence and respect from those with whom he came in contact in trade. Thoroughly convinced of the merit of his own wares and assiduously pushing them to the front, with all the vigor and skill at his command, he never wasted time in the detraction of the wares of another; and he never underestimated the strength of his rival.

Few men of his strong convictions, and fearless expression of them, went through life and stirred up less personal antagonism in their business avocation than "Tom" Dean. Beneath a rugged exterior, and a serious expression that, in repose, might be mistaken for sternness, "Tom" Dean carried a warm, impulsive, generous heart, and those who enjoyed a close personal acquaintance with him will not soon forget the man and the rarity of such friendship as he ever

extended to those worthy of it. Back of the leonine firmness expressed in the face there was, however, the clear vision of a seer and the tender heart of a woman.

He was a good counsellor, in prosperity or adversity, and his hand and heart ever went out, laden with substantial help and sympathy, to all who were suffering and in distress. Notwithstanding the serious expression usually borne, he had a thorough appreciation of the humorous and ridiculous, and he was an instructive and enjoyable companion. He was the sun and centre of his home; but the irreparable loss sustained by those who are left to mourn him there is not to be commented upon here.

There was nothing pyrotechnical in "Tom" Dean's rise to eminence. Everything was gained by assiduous, faithful, intelligent hard work; but he was not by any means a plodder. His first prominence was as manager of the Keifer Drug Co.'s cigar department, in Indianapolis; and from there he went on the road as a salesman for V. Martinez, Ybor & Co., whose "El Principe de Gales" cigar was even at that day famous in the trade.

Later he cast his lot with F. A. Garcia & Co., and remained with the firm and its successors until the absorption of the latter by the Cuban-American Manufacturing Co. He has been an influential factor in the affairs of the Cuban-American Manufacturing Co., ever since its organization, and for the past five years had been the moving spirit in the direction of its affairs.

Mr. Dean was born in Syracuse, N. Y., June 25, 1847; but at an early day the family removed to Vincennes, Ind. Afterwards they moved to Indianapolis, where his father and mother resided until their death, only a few months apart, a little over a year ago. The remains were taken to Indianapolis for burial. May the turf rest lightly upon his form and his soul enjoy everlasting bliss, is a prayer to which all who ever enjoyed his sterling friendship will give a hearty Amen of response.

Except in Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, the New England States and Porto Rico, the Continental Tobacco Co. has withdrawn all previous drop shipment offers in force and in lieu of the offers so withdrawn makes the following:

Until further notice, the company will make, for account of jobbers, drop shipments to bona-fide retailers located in points where this offer applies, provided such drop shipment consists of not less than 100 pounds of its brands of plug and twist tobaccos manufactured in the same city (except "Gold Rope" or "Drummond Natural Leaf," which will be carried in Louisville, Ky., as well as in the cities where manufactured), and which brands appear on the company's descriptive and price list and in price list of Butler & Boshier Co. and T. C. Williams Co. brands, and in addition thereto the brand "Town Talk."

On such drop shipments the Continental Tobacco Co. will send the

retailer direct its check covering one and one-half cents per pound and will also prepay freight to any point where this offer applies located on railroad or river having a station agent and to which point there is a published freight rate and through bills of lading are issued.

Shipments to retailers must not be turned over by them to wholesalers, sub-jobbers, peddlers, nor to other retailers. Rebates will not be paid on shipments so turned over; and further drop shipments will be refused for account of any jobber who diverts a drop shipment to his stock. Orders will be shipped at earliest convenience.

A conference with the Leaf Tobacco Board of Trade was suggested at a recent meeting of the New York Retail Cigar and Tobacco Dealers' Association.

At the close of business, July 25th, the price of "Winner" cut plug smoking tobacco was advanced one cent per pound to dealers in the Metropolitan district as per circular of the Metropolitan Tobacco Co., dated July 15, 1904. Orders given to salesmen or mailed and accepted up to and including July 25th were filled at the old price.

Thad. H. Howe is to launch his bark on the sea of retail trade again, in Chicago, at his old headquarters, 174 Madison St., with his former chief-of-staff, Harry Le Brey, as right hand man. Mr. Howe will also represent Pennsylvania cigar and stogie factories. Will the gentleman again join the Cigar Dealers' Protective Association or attempt to organize another? The trade will await the answer to this query, on the tip-toe of expectancy.

The "Flor de Arora" cigar, made by E. Kleiner & Co., New York City, continues to delight old patrons, and never fails to make new friends for itself and, of course, for dealers who handle it. Fastidious smokers never grumble after they take to using a "Flor de Arora."

"Anything a smoker wants or ought to have." Such is the terse, comprehensive legend put out, on the cover of a tiny box of matches, to call attention to his business, by the veteran cigar dealer, J. Blankenstein, 30 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street, New York City.

John W. Merriam has a new conundrum: "When should a man invest in a 'Henry Irving' or a 'Baron De Kalb' segar?" The answer to which is, "Everytime the 'Bull Dog' loses a grip on him." Of course, the accommodating Jack would compromise on a "Ruy Lopez."

The Best & Russell Co., Chicago, have been allotted the sole distribution, in their territory, of the "La Africana" imported cigar. The arrangement should insure an increased consumption for this or any other meritorious brand taken hold of in dead earnest by this old and highly connected representative house of the Western metropolis.

Since the control of the "Flor de J. S. Murias" imported Havana cigar was placed with the Metropolitan Tobacco Co. the sales of the brand have steadily increased. Such is the satisfaction given, to all concerned, that still stronger efforts will be made, when the season for

Fall trade approaches, to secure new conquests for this old time brand, the modern success of which is a striking example of what intelligent effort aided by liberal advertising can accomplish.

Acker, Merrill & Condit Co.'s domestic made clear Havana cigar, "La Elegancia," knows no let up in popularity, and its devotees feel that it could not be more appropriately named. At the Chambers Street and West Broadway headquarters "Busy" is the watchword.

A new cork tip oval cigarette "Hassan," in cartons of 500, to sell at 10 for 5 cents, has been placed on the market by the Metropolitan Tobacco Co. The price is \$3.90 per 1,000 for a limited time. For a limited time 40 "Turkish Trophies" cigarettes will be given free with each carton of 500 "Hassan" cigarettes.

In the Metropolitan district, since July 5th, dealers purchasing "Recruit" granulated smoking tobacco, receive, free, with each 5 lb. carton of that brand, 5 bags, 1 2-3 oz. size, of "Duke's Mixture." The offer is subject to withdrawal at the pleasure of the manufacturers or their agents, the Metropolitan Tobacco Co.

The special allowance of 3 per cent. on "Duke's Mixture" when ordered in lots of 2,500 pounds or over in a single shipment, announced May 21st, 1904, is to be withdrawn, August 15th, up till which time orders, to share in its benefits, may be submitted for acceptance.

TO SMOKE OR REFRAIN.

It certainly is a peculiar item in the history of mankind that since the fifteenth century a vegetable growth (*Nicotiana Tabacum*) has come into such general use for smoking as almost to revolutionize the social customs of civilized people. It would be difficult today to find a quarter of the globe in which this use of the plant is not known; yet, although now so prevalent a habit, smoking has met with stout opposition at times.

It has been denounced by Popes, from pulpits and on platforms; even reigning sovereigns have set themselves to stamp out the practice. Russia at one time insisted on cutting off the nose of every smoker; and Persia once made it an offense punishable by death. It has been proclaimed against on the Continent in almost every part; and in this country King James I.'s "Counterblast against Tobacco" is a lasting memorial of his determination that "no puffer of tobacco" should receive any crown appointment, says Tit-Bits.

It has been contended on the one hand that tobacco is a poison and every smoker a suicide; while, on the other, it has been claimed as an aid to longevity, so minimizing the wear and tear of life that old age naturally ensues. In spite of all opposition and of every argument raised against it, the use of the soothing weed is a well nigh universal custom.

That tobacco is not a necessity is readily conceded on all sides, for no sane person could possibly claim that its use is essential to life—however, certain courts in the United States have ruled that it is a necessary of life. Its most devoted friends plead nothing be-

yond the fact that smoking is a luxury, one which sustains a cheerful brightness and affords an enjoyment out of all proportion to the smallness of its cost. Complaints against the extravagance of the habit are unreasonable, and only to be attributed to wilful ignorance or want of reflection. Many things in daily use are by no means necessary, yet they largely contribute to the enjoyment and pleasure of life.

The only objection worth considering is that tobacco acts as a poison in the healthy system. On this score a great deal has been put forth which is matter for serious reflection; but other allegations have failed to discriminate between the use and the abuse of the weed. It is easy to find similar fault with most of the things we eat and drink, for more harm has resulted from lack of self-control in these matters than could possibly follow the excessive use of tobacco.

Indeed, there is nothing which, though lawful and right in itself, is not open to the same kind of abuse; and if we deprive ourselves of everything capable of being wrongly used, away go money, food and life.

As already suggested, the main point for consideration is the poisonous action of "*Nicotiana Tabacum*." Medical science has proved that tobacco used in excess has a directly harmful influence on the healthy system. But, then, the same may be said of palpitation, of indolence, or uneasiness while smoking should induce you to lay it aside. There are physiological indications of its disagreement which, if you neglect, you may find increase upon you and seriously embarrass your health.

It should not be forgotten that some constitutions are altogether intolerant of tobacco, even when it is smoked to a limited extent, and for such persons there is but one sensible course, and that is to give it up.

Those who are rational smokers will never indulge on an empty stomach; many seem able to do so with impunity, but the practice is bad. They will keep the pipe well cleansed, and use only a pure tobacco. Whether smoking a cigar, pipe or cigarette, they will abstain from using it to the last extremity, because it is the accumulated products of combustion which form the injurious elements. The rational smoker will never expectorate unless on occasion when absolutely compelled.

—Adulteration and substitution is reaching a high degree of perfection, if the word perfection may be used in that sense. One of the latest along this line, which has been discovered in various parts of the country, is cinnamon made of cigar boxes. This compares favorably with wooden nutmegs and baking powder made of ground rock and alum. It is a wise man who knows what he eats.

—Many hotel proprietors complain about men filling their cafes and dining rooms with smoke to the annoyance and discomfort of others who do not indulge. Of course, it does not seem right to smoke when there are ladies present. The American women, however, seem to have accustomed themselves to the fumes; and sad to relate a large percentage of them have acquired the habit—some carrying it to great excess.

NOTABLE SMOKERS.

Thackeray once said: "I vow and believe that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship. May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure."

"My devotion for my old cob pipe is sort of poetical," said Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner recently, "while I never smoked until I was 38 years old, except a few puffs that I always had to take before I could open negotiations with the Indians. It was at the outbreak of the Civil War, when I sat in my headquarters one day and said to myself: 'I have gone through a war of two years without smoking, and now another is beginning. I believe that I would enjoy smoking, and I don't see why I should deprive myself of that pleasure.' So I went out and invested in a pipe and have smoked ever since. Not long afterward I was taken prisoner and was in solitary confinement for five months with no other companion than my good friend, my pipe. It was during that time that I became attached to it, and I believe that I even wrote a few odes to it. I make my own pipes at my farm down in Hart county and I grow the hemp out of which I make the stems. I can stop smoking whenever I want to, but I don't want to."

He was smoking a well seasoned, extra large corncob, and as he talked he seemed truly to get great pleasure from it as most Southerners of the old school do.

OLD JOE WILLET'S PIPE.

Harrington thinks a lot of his pipes. He keeps them in his den, and when he came home the other evening he found a friend waiting for him there.

"Hope you haven't been waiting long," remarked Harrington.

"Oh, I didn't mind," replied the friend. "I've been very comfortable here smoking this pipe of yours."

"Um!" remarked Harrington. "So!" he continued. He restrained himself with an effort. "That pipe has quite a history," he went on easily.

"Yes?" inquired the affable friend.

"Yes. It was left to me as a keepsake by old Joe Willets. Don't put it down. You remember old Joe? He died last month of scarlet fever. Why, man, that pipe won't hurt you. Yes, old Joe thought a lot of that pipe. He smoked it right up to the last and—What? Going already? Yes, there's a doctor next door."

A BACHELOR'S MUSINGS.

"It is possible for a man to be so confoundedly comfortable in his bachelor quarters in these days that the necessity for a wife does not present itself. There is always the danger that she might prove a disturbing element. Possibly she will oppose my cigar and might have teetotal notions about wine at dinner. She is also sure to have less selfish liking for the ease and indulgences of home and possess a greater taste for sociability than I. Men nowadays must have their cigar—must be sure of their easy chair, are fond of idling over the magazines and pictorial journals, and the threat of a wife who would bring in company or insist

upon going into company is a sort of terror to a self-indulgent fellow's imaginations.

"And the pipe and cigar are so supremely soothing and delicious! How can people expect an inveterate smoker to give up any portion of this cherished pleasure at the bidding of a better half? A far better half to some of us is our tobacco pouch, which I will gamble keeps more men bachelors than anything else that can be named.

"I always tell the ladies that if they want to arrest the growing distaste for matrimony among men they had better cultivate a fondness for tobacco smoke

—In Omaha, Neb., James Heath has purchased the cigar store of M. E. Welch.

Frank Acker, so many years in charge of the cigar department of Acker, Merrill & Condit Co., is now connected with the establishment of Park & Tilford in an outside capacity.

The sale of "Star Pittsburg" stogies, "Two Orphans," and "Dromis" cigars, hitherto sold by the Continental Tobacco Co., was transferred to the American Tobacco Co., on July 21st.

Be not jealous of your rivals—stick closely to your own affairs and the result will be the cause of envy of all your rivals. If there is any worrying to be done it is well to let the other fellow do it.

Your name on 1,000 Gummed Labels are given free with a year's subscription to THE SMOKER'S MAGAZINE—A Paying Investment.

THE PROS AND CONS.

The injurious element in tobacco smoke is not nicotine, says the London Lancet, as has generally been supposed, but it is precisely the same as that which exists in the fumes of burning charcoal—namely, carbon monoxide—in both cases the result of incomplete combustion. Of course, there is nicotine in the tobacco leaf, but it does not reach the human system by way of the smoke to affect it seriously. The amount of nicotine in tobacco is very small—and there is reason for believing that the quantity given in previous analyses has been considerably over-represented. Moreover, though a volatile poison, nicotine does not occur in the free state in tobacco, but as an organic salt which is not volatile and which probably breaks up readily on combustion. It is doubtful whether a seventh part of the total nicotine in the tobacco reaches the mouth of the smoker, and some investigators deny that any nicotine occurs in tobacco smoke at all. But assuming that nicotine is the toxic constituent of smoke, the quantity must be quite minute, since in most mild tobaccos the proportion is rarely over one per cent. The incomplete combustion of tobacco give rise to the formation of aromatic compounds, oils, bases, amines, and gases, some of which are undoubtedly poisons, and these are obviously produced in a far larger amount compared with the quantity of nicotine in tobacco. In this connection too little attention seems to have been paid to the relatively large quantity of the poisonous gas—carbon monoxide—in tobacco smoke. When the insidious nature of this gas is consid-

ered, its absorption in the system, which must be very rapid when inhalation is practiced, would sufficiently explain the train of poisonous symptoms which excessive smoking is apt to set up. In some particulars the physiological action of nicotine and carbon monoxide is similar. The dizziness and stupor, the trembling of the limbs and the hands, the disturbance of the nerve-centers and of the circulation, palpitation on a slight effort, and the feeble pulse may be the indications of either carbon monoxide or nicotine poisoning. But since one ounce of tobacco gives no less than one-fifth of a pint of pure carbon monoxide gas when smoked in the form of cigars or in pipes, it is not improbable that to a very large extent these symptoms are due to the carbon monoxide."

The Waldorf-Astoria Segar Co. have been designated as sole distributors in their territory of the "La Corona" imported cigar.

T. E. Fearon & Co. have concentrated their entire manufacturing plant in the three-story brick factory located at 2102 North Sixth St., Philadelphia.

He beat the cigarman every day;
 He beat the corner grocer.
 If any one asked, "Will you pay?"
 His prompt reply was, "No, sir."
 And anyone he chanced to meet
 Soon came to understand
 He was a beat who was a beat,
 A beat to beat the band.
 He beat the bars, he beat the cars,
 The owner of his flat—
 But when he came to beating rugs,
 He let his wife do that.

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT CO.



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KINDNESS ALWAYS PAYS.

"It is a good many years ago," said a white haired, wrinkled faced man, "that I was an overseer on a southern plantation. The overseer of slaves has so often been pictured as a monster, especially in the character of Legree in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' that I have seldom admitted that I ever held such a position. The truth is, I was born and brought up in the south under the system of slavery, and to me it was a matter of course. The planter for whom I worked was as kindly a man as ever lived. Our method of punishment I think now and thought then was faulty, but we must remember that in those days flogging was common in the schools and in many families where parents whipped their children.

"One day a strong, lusty negro became insubordinate and refused to work. I ordered him flogged. After his punishment he said to me, 'I'll get even with you for this,' and the look he gave me at the same time convinced me that he would be as good as his word. Many overseers would have had him flogged again and again and then been ready to shoot him at the slightest provocation. On the contrary, I treated him more kindly than ever, though not letting him see that I attached any importance to words uttered under great humiliation.

"Pete—that was the negro's name—tried at various times to kill me, though indirectly. One night I found on turning down my bedclothes a poisonous snake between the sheets. It had doubtless been placed at the foot of the bed, but had not remained there. I suspected Pete of the work, and the next morning, coming upon him suddenly, he was unable to conceal his feelings at seeing me, knowing that his plan had failed. At another time he placed a huge stone over my door so that the door's opening would dislodge the stone. I was struck on the shoulder, which was dislocated, and I was laid up for weeks. Several other attempts were made to kill me in some such fashion, but none of them could I trace to Pete, though I felt fairly sure he had laid the traps. At last I

grew so wary that I was always on the watch, and it would have been very difficult for him to catch me. However, after I had discovered a train of gunpowder laid under my bed I told Pete that I understood his purpose and upon another attempt would reveal his doings to his master, have him arrested, and I did not think it would take any court long to send him to prison for a good many years to come. I admit this long suffering was not usual to the overseers of the south. The truth is that when I had seen Pete flogged it occurred to me that if I were in his place I should probably seek revenge. Yet no revenge was open to the slave that would not react on him.

"Meanwhile Pete, who was married, had a son born to him, a bright, woolly headed little pickaninny, who wound himself about Pete's revengeful heart. The child made a great change in his father in his relations to all save me. Though I didn't catch Pete in any overt acts toward me after this son's coming, I felt that he hated me more than ever. Besides, his master remarked to me that Pete had shown signs of sulkiness and insubordination toward him.

"Then the master was taken ill and died. When his estate was settled it was found to be insolvent. Most of the negroes were sold at auction, Pete and his wife and child among the number. When it was announced that he and his family were liable to separation Pete became the most desperate looking man I ever saw. He brooded till it seemed as if he would lose his reason. When the sale came on, the auctioneer, failing to get a bid for the three in one lot, began the sale of Pete individually, intending to follow with his wife and child, together if possible, if not, separately.

"Pete, having a bad reputation, did not attract bids and was about to be knocked down to a negro trader when I stepped in and began to bid for him. It was curious to note his expression when he saw what I was about. He apparently supposed that I was trying to buy him for the purpose of revenging myself upon him, and when he was knocked down to me gave me a look which meant plainly, 'Well, we shall

see who lives longest.' But when I began to bid for his wife and child he was puzzled. He had evidently thought I had intended to separate them. I was obliged to bid high, but I secured the two, and then Pete gave me another look, this time of relief mingled with bewilderment.

"Pete," I said when the sale was over, 'I have leased a small plantation, and you and your wife and family are my first hands to stock it.'

"Not long after that the war came on, and I was obliged to leave my plantation to fight for—well, a system I didn't like. I placed everything in Pete's hands. The Yankees came down, and most of the hands left, but Pete and his wife and pickaninny stayed on. The fences were burned for campfires, but Pete rebuilt them. The outhouses were torn down, but Pete gathered the fragments and put them together again. Then came the end of the war, with the abolition of slavery. But Pete would have none of it. He worked for me till the day of his death under the old system and charged his wife and child not to leave me so long as I lived. The wife has gone to join him long ago, but the pickaninny—well, I educated the pickaninny, and he knows the value of freedom as his father never could have known it."

Whistler Before Whistler.

Mortimer Menpes told the following story of Whistler, who was to deliver an address one day to the Society of British Artists: "The master at length entered, faultlessly dressed, walking with a swinging, jaunty step, evidently quite delighted with himself and the world in general. He passed down the gallery, ignoring the assembled members, and walked up to his own picture. And there he stayed for quite fifteen minutes, regarding it with a satisfied expression, stepping now backward, now forward, canting his head and dusting the surface of the glass with a silk pocket handkerchief. We watched him open mouthed. Suddenly he turned round, beamed upon us and uttered but two words—'Bravo, Jimmy!'—then took my arm and hurried me out of the gallery, talking volubly the while."

Making Sure of It.



"Hello! Where are you going with that lantern?"

"A-courtin', sir."

"Goodness! I never used a lantern when I went a-courtin'."

"That's why I'm takin' one."

A Mighty Small One.



Gentleman of the Old School (to new athletic daughter-in-law)—My dear, I want you always to look to me as your father and protector.

BREAKING THE HOODOO.

{Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.}

When the Thirteenth was brigaded with us, everybody spoke in praise of its rank and file. No better material could have been found in America. A couple of weeks, however, showed the colonel to be an egotist and a drunkard, and few of the company or regimental officers seemed anxious to give him credit for anything outside.

One day the regiment came out to relieve the Fourth on outpost duty. At midafternoon a hundred Confederate cavalry, divided into squads of twenty-five, attacked four full companies of the Thirteenth at about the same moment. One discharge of their carbines, followed by a grand yell, did the business in each instance. The same 100 cavalry then fell upon the reserve of 600 men and routed them at a dash. One thousand men were beaten, routed and disgraced by 100.

The colonel called his officers together and said they must give the men double drill and that in the next fight they must shoot down any man who tried to make a bolt for it. And the captains got their respective companies out on the parade ground and looked savage and swelled out their chests and shouted:

"You are a laughing stock in this brigade. You have had two or three chances to win glory, but you have run away like beaten curs. In our next fight I will shoot the man who even turns pale."

And yet every private in every company remembered that when he ran away he followed his three officers and was not able to overtake them. A month later, at 9 o'clock one summer morning, our brigade swung into battle line on the left center. It stretched across a cotton field, with its right and left connecting in the woods with other brigades. The fight began far above us. That meant waiting, and it is the waiting that makes cowards of brave men.

Down the lines of the Fourth, Seventh and Eighth went the company officers to brace up the men who were not cowards, but yet losing their nerve in the waiting, but over in the Thirteenth it was different. The officers

were at the regulation distance in rear of the lines, and the men had nobody to brace them up. To talk to each other only made matters worse.

We were quite prepared for what happened—knew that it would happen. Of a sudden the enemy opened fire on our front with artillery, and as the first shell exploded in the ranks of the Thirteenth the whole 1,000 men broke back like a flock of frightened sheep. A second shell completed the business, and there was a stampede which carried them a mile to the rear. The gap was closed up, and the battle went on, but the Thirteenth could not be rallied again that day. Three days later the major general said to the officers and men on parade:

"I know the history of the Thirteenth since its first skirmish. You are a disgrace to your state, to the army and to yourselves. I shall recommend that the regiment be wiped out of existence."

On the morning that the order of disbandment arrived from Washington the Thirteenth was in charge of a senior captain, and some of the companies were in charge of orderly sergeants. A Confederate column, which had cut loose and marched by night through the fields and woods, suddenly burst out of the woods upon the scattered camps along the river. The surprise was complete, and without a check the enemy came sweeping down the stream. The Thirteenth turned out, but there were no officers to give them orders. They were cowards and had always run away. A few had already started on this occasion, when there came the sound of hoof beats from the west, and a woman rode into camp. She was hardly above twenty years old, fair haired and handsome and probably the wife of some Union officer from the camps above. Every man thrilled as she pulled up her horse and cried out:

"Men, they are making a stand up there by the ford, and if you'll join them the enemy can be checked and driven back."

"We'll go—we'll go! Fall in—fall in!" shouted the men in chorus, after an instant's silence, and five minutes later every man had his musket and cartridge box and companies were being

formed up the road crowded with white faced fugitives, and yet never a man of the Thirteenth fell out. There was no officer to lead them, but the woman rode ahead and turned now and then to smile and beckon them on. A round shot plowed up the dirt near by, but she gave no heed. A shell burst against a tree a few yards away and filled the air with splinters, but she did not turn her head. The bullets came thicker and thicker, but she held her way until a line of blue suddenly came into view and then waved her hand and said:

"Right down there, comrades, is where they need you, and after today no man will call the Thirteenth a regiment of cowards!"

"Hip—hip—hurrah!" and a swinging of caps and a dash forward. The blue fighting line was strengthened not a moment too soon. The enemy hurled shell and grapes—he poured volley after volley—he charged again and again, but the line stood firm and cheered as it stood. It was a fight of an hour before re-enforcements came up. Behind the log breastworks were a few hundred living men, their eyes still aflame and their faces black with powder stain, and on the right and left and behind them more dead and wounded than the whole brigade had yet lost. Not a coward had died—not a coward had lived on. Led by a woman, all had become heroes.

A Great Old Man.

One Henry Jenkins died in England Dec. 6, 1670, at the alleged age of 169 years. He is said to have been a fisherman for 140 years. Though he could neither read nor write, his reach of memory was such that he would calmly give evidence in court in matters on which his memory went back 120 and 140 years. As a boy he is said to have taken a horse load of arrows to Northallerton to be forwarded north in time for the battle of Flodden. At the age of 100 years he used to swim a wide stream in Yorkshire with ease. He lived until four years after the great fire of London, was poor all his life, but subsisted cheerfully by thatching and salmon fishing.

Particular About His Food.



The Lady—Help! Help! A lion!
He'll eat me up!
The Lion—Don't worry, ma'am.
Twenty years ago, perhaps!

Charity.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Exhorting your fellowmen to virtuous deeds is charity. Smiling in your brother's face is charity. Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies mortals will ask what property has he left behind him, but angels will inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"—Mohammed.

A Dollar Bill.



—Philadelphia Ledger.

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2c. STAMPS ACCEPTED.

AT THE BOTTOM OF HIS LUCK

Out in the golden state of Colorado a prospector sat alone in the shade of a tree reading a letter. His clothes were in tatters, his shoes were minus the principal part of their soles, and of his felt hat there was little left but the brim. He had thrown off his haversack and laid it on the grass beside him. It contained no food, for he had eaten the last morsel that morning for breakfast. But it did contain all the prospector possessed in the world—ten pounds of gunpowder and a magnifying glass. The former he kept to turn up ground, wherein he hoped gold might be hidden, the latter to examine specimens of ore.

This was the letter he read:

Dear Ted—I have had no word from you since your letter a month ago, which was full of despondency. I hope you have done nothing rash. You say Colorado is full of sink holes commemorating blighted hopes. You must remember that there are a few holes commemorative of the realization of wild dreams. There is an old saying, "When you have put your hand to the plow never look back." I am sorry that you felt constrained to undertake a line of work with so great an element of luck in it; but, since you have, stick to what you have undertaken. Don't despair till you have hunted all over the state. Remember that prizes go to the few. The commonplace goes to the many. I have agreed to cast my lot with you, consequently I partake of your condition. I may not have been wise in doing so, but I have "put my hand to the plow, and I'll never look back." Your loving
LUCY.

The young man folded the letter and put it in his pocket. "The mistake was in the beginning," he mused. "The old man wouldn't consent to an engagement on my going to work in the regular way because, he said, I would slave all my life, and if success came it would not come for many years. Meanwhile his daughter would be growing old. I resolved to stake all in trying to make money in a hurry, and have lost. But what a splendid indication of character there is in her letter! I have no right to keep her tied down to my hard luck till her beauty is gone, and men, after all, are attracted by beauty and sentiment. There is good stuff in Lucy, and she will make some man a treasure of a wife. Because I can't have her shall I deny her to another? Shall I be a dog in a manger? No. I have resolved what to do, and I'll do it. My clothes shall be found by the river bank. Then, when

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POSITION OF SCALE WHEN COIN IS GENUINE.

The Smoker's Magazine Co.,

New York

she gets the news, she'll think of some one else, and there's plenty of them wanting her."

His eye lighting on a bit of earth which looked as if it might contain gold, he took his magnifying glass from his haversack and mechanically examined the specimen, meeting with the usual disappointment. It contained gold, but not in paying quantity. With a sigh he hooked the handle of his magnifying glass on to a twig that lay without the shade to watch, as he had often done before, the concentrated rays of the sun move slowly along the surface of the ground. The strong light illumined the soil, revealing small particles of gold. The sun moved slowly, and the prospector was tired and discouraged. He fell asleep.

He was awakened by the smell of burning cloth. His first act was to clap his hand to his pocket, thinking that he might have placed his pipe, lighted, in it. The pipe was there, but cold. Next, he looked about him. On his haversack was a round spot of bright light cast from the sun through the magnifying glass, and a thin film of smoke indicated that the haversack was burning. Then he remembered the gunpowder.

Several things passed rapidly through the prospector's mind—first and foremost, that he would be blown to atoms; secondly, that a bona fide death would render a sham one necessary; thirdly, that if he escaped being killed a gunpowder sham death would sound more probable than a drowning one; at any rate it would be more original. These three transitions of thought occupied one second—a second of inaction—the next he was on his feet and in two or three more some distance from his haversack kneeling behind a big stone.

He was none too soon. There was an explosion that threw him on his back, and he lay for awhile stunned. Then he stood up and viewed a great hole where the explosion had taken place.

"Now," he said lugubriously, "I've got to the bottom of my luck. Ten pounds of good blasting powder, a ragged haversack and a first rate magnifying glass gone up in smoke. Well, it's better to be at the bottom than the top; at the top you're sure to fall, at the bottom you can only rise."

The force of habit led him to examine the hole. Taking up a piece of quartz that had been blown out of it he looked it over. It was a mixture of pure gold

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**Red Register
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and rock in proportions of about half and half. The moment he saw what it was a light of gladness shone in his face. He was transfigured. Then he began to kick dirt and dry leaves into the hole, not stopping till he had covered it. After this he went to the tree under which he had lain and carved his initials, looking carefully about him and taking note of his surroundings. His next move was to wrap his nugget in his ragged coat, and, having taken care of everything, he set off to a town ten miles distant, whence he sent the good news to Lucy. The girl laid the matter before her father, who had some means, and he took the first train for Colorado. Together he and the prospector bought the property on which the discovery had been made, then went east and organized a company to work it.

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The administration of the fund is in the hands of the parish minister, and unhappy at times is his task, such are the jealousies which arise among the competitors, for there is keen rivalry for these legacies, which amount to hardly more than \$30 each. But that is quite an important sum in so remote and simple a village. All St. Cyrus turns out on "bride measuring day," and the occasion is made a holiday.

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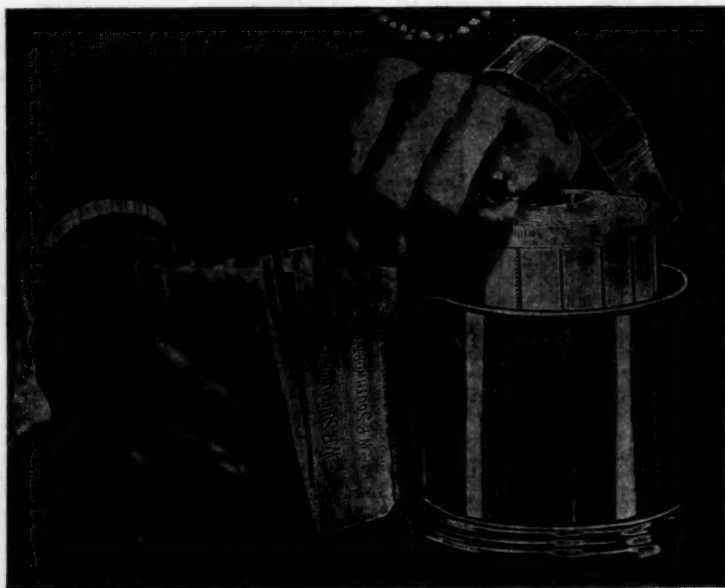
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